

said, "If you guys had the guts to fly this thing to Washington, I've got guts enough to see you get what you are asking." He promised to help open the doors for African-Americans to serve in the Air Corps. Shortly afterwards, the Tuskegee Experiment was established. By the end of WWII, nearly 1,000 African-Americans had completed their flight training at Tuskegee Army Air Field and nearly 450 went overseas as combat pilots.

The Tuskegee Airmen were nicknamed the "Red Tail Angels" because of the red tail markings on their aircraft. They had an enviable service record of over 15,500 missions, destroyed over 260 enemy aircraft; sunk one enemy destroyer and damaged numerous enemy installations. The Tuskegee Airmen served with distinction and earned over 850 medals.

Chauncey Spencer and Dale White became Dayton residents and both served at Wright Patterson Air Force Base. There is still a local chapter of an organization named for the Tuskegee Airmen at Wright Patterson: The Mac Ross Chapter of Tuskegee Airmen. The chapter is named after Mac Ross, a Dayton native, and one of the first five African-American airmen to become Air Corps pilots in 1942.

The Tuskegee Airmen overcame segregation and prejudice to become one of the most highly respected fighter groups of World War II. Their achievements, together with the men and women who supported them, paved the way for full integration of the U.S. military.

Today's all-volunteer Armed Forces identify with the sense of pride and commitment exhibited by the Tuskegee Airmen some 60 years ago.

As an American, and a proud Daytonian, I am pleased to offer my support of H. Con. Res. 417, honoring the Tuskegee Airmen and their contribution in creating an integrated United States Air Force, the world's foremost Air and Space Supremacy Force.

NATIONAL DEFENSE AUTHORIZATION ACT FOR FISCAL YEAR 2005

HON. ZOE LOFGREN

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, June 14, 2004

Ms. LOFGREN. Mr. Speaker, I appreciate the great work done by Chairman HUNTER and Ranking Member SKELTON on this legislation, but I must reluctantly rise to highlight a major problem that I hope will be fixed before this bill reaches the President's desk.

There is an obscure provision of the bill that I want to make sure Members know about, and that is Section 1404, which would require U.S. companies to get a license before they export any goods listed on the Military Critical Technologies List. According to a copy of that list I found on the Defense Technical Information Center Web site, computers that exceed 1500 MTOPS are considered to be military critical.

So under this bill, exports of desktop computers, laptops and Sony PlayStations would require a license. Making matters worse, the license requirement would apply to all exports, even those headed to our allies. If you want to sell a Sony PlayStation to England, you would need a license. I think that is a major problem.

Our current laws allow exports up to 190,000 MTOPS to Tier III countries like China and Russia. I personally think that 190,000 MTOPS is an outdated metric. But to go down to a 1500 MTOPS metric is literally the stone age of computing.

If there are specific military critical technologies that are not sufficiently controlled under existing export regulations, like night vision or surveillance devices, then let us draft something that controls those technologies. But to say that we cannot freely sell a laptop to someone in London, that the Sony PlayStations cannot be exported to Canada, I think is wrong.

I know that this is about war, but it shouldn't be about war on the American economy.

HONORING CATHY GIOVANDO, CELESTE HALL, AND CAROL SIEBE

HON. LYNN C. WOOLSEY

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, June 14, 2004

Ms. WOOLSEY. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor 3 teachers who are retiring from Two Rock Union School in a rural community near Petaluma, CA. Cathy Giovando, Celeste Hall, and Carol Siebe are special teachers who have worked together at the school for many years. But beyond that, they will always be remembered for their successful efforts to preserve the Two Rock Coast Guard Training Facility.

Now the West Coast training center for the Coast Guard's new role in the Department of Homeland Security, the Two Rock facility has 10 schools offering 50 courses to 4,000 students a year. It is hard to believe that this center was on the chopping block in cost-cutting efforts in the 1990s—and not just once, but twice. And twice, Giovando, Hall, Siebe, and others on the Save the Base Committee rallied elected officials and the local community as well as children and parents from the small Two Rock School, to preserve a facility that was originally established by the War Department in 1942.

As their representative in Congress during the 1990s, I knew how important this base was to the fabric of this small community and to the security of our Nation. However, without the passion of these teachers, it would have been difficult for me to convince the Coast Guard and the entire California Congressional Delegation of this. It is for sure that Clinton administration officials were especially impressed with the art work and stories sent to them by children from the school. In the world of politics, these children proved that the personal can make a difference.

And, as teachers, these women were instrumental in Two Rock School's recognition as a California Distinguished School. Their legacies include one of the first school gardens in the area and, with the entire staff, creation of an assessment program that enables teachers to work with each child's strengths and weaknesses.

Retirement will include everything from travel to real estate classes. Coincidentally, the families of all three are from the same area in Northern Italy which will figure prominently in their travel plans.

Mr. Speaker, it is a pleasure to honor Cathy Giovando, Celeste Hall, and Carol Siebe

whose warmth and dedication exemplify the best that teachers can offer to our Nation's children. Their commitment extends beyond the classroom to an appreciation of the significance of all the key elements—including the Coast Guard Training Facility—that are essential to a community's well-being. These women will be missed at their school and by their students, but we all know they will bring the same energy and heart to all their future endeavors.

IN MEMORY OF SERGEANT LEWIS (LOUIE) ANNEAR

HON. MIKE ROGERS

OF MICHIGAN

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Monday, June 14, 2004

Mr. ROGERS of Michigan. Mr. Speaker, recently, a poem was given to me in fond memory of Sergeant Lewis (Louie) Annear of the 9th Infantry Division, I ask these moving words be included in the RECORD:

Last night I had a vision tho my mind was quite awake; A vision born of sadness, of memories I could not shake. In retrospect the years passed by, and uncaring life's review; A boy I loved sat my side, his life I lived anew. I saw him as a baby, I held him in my arms; I prayed the good ALL Father to keep him safe from harm. I saw him as a tow-head, his blond hair all awry. His blue eyes kind and gentle, and heard his happy cry. I saw him fishing on the lake when first he learned to cast; I saw him land his first great fish as whitecaps hurried past. I saw him on the football field, elusive as a ghost. His shifting hips and racing feet seemed to fairly float. I saw him in the house of God, devout, sincere and true; I think the angels gathered there when he was passing through. I saw him in his much loved home alive and always kind; The family sort of worshipful when he was on their mind. I saw him in the workshop when soil begrimed his hand; But, even grandeur proclaimed him every bit a man. I saw him in his uniform when he heard his country's call And despairing of God's mercy, I saw him in his fall. I followed him from ship to beach on Africa's dark shore; I lived with him at Kasserine Pass, Bizerte and far more. I saw his wound and felt his pain when he wrote of how they fought; And prayed to God they would send him home, that was my only thought. I saw my prayers unanswered as from England came the word; This soldier boy was listed for D-Day's most dangerous work. I lived with him for D-Day, felt suspense and honest fear; For only fools, not angels, sought then to give us cheer. Then came the fateful hour, the supreme test was at hand; Poised on the foremost troop ship, I saw him proudly stand. I saw his well trained muscles, twitching there beneath his gear; But, his head was high, his eyes were clear, he was master of all fear. I saw the sea as it tossed on high and heard the grinding waves; And then the roar of guns, and bombs, as night gave way to day. I saw him land, one of the first, his face was to the front; And I prayed to God to save this boy who was always moving up. I lived with him again, those days when death rode every wave; Scant rest or food, just fighting on, for us our homes to save. For days on end, I trudged with him, my mind, his body torn; He would not stop, from dawn to dusk, and yet on until morn. I felt despair, I was sick at heart, it seemed no God or man; Could ask so much of just a boy nor wield such a high command. And when at last he came to rest,